Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounſier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profite, where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. VVho ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſoiourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come ye
Mari. If fiers
Vntid e I ſtill my
Diana aide my pu
Baud. VVhat h
vs.

Dion. VVhy are
Cleon. O *Dioniz*
The Sunne and M
Dion. I thinke y
Cleon. VVer
giue it to vndo th
tue, yet a Princeſſ
the iuſtice of com
ſoned too, if thou
becomming well
Pericles ſhall dem
Dion. That ſhe
nor euer to preſer
it, vnleſſe you pla
out ſhe dyde by f
Cleon. O go too
uens, the Gods do
Dionizia. Be
Tharſus will flie h
thinke of what a
ſpirit.
Cleon. To ſuch
added, though not
nourable courſes.
Dionizia. Be it
ſhe came dead, nor

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